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СБОРНИКЪ

РУССКИХЪ СТИХОТВОРЕНІЙ

КАРАМЗИНЪ, ПУШКИНЪ, ТЮТЧЕВЪ,
ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ, Гр. А. ТОЛСТОЙ, НИКИТИНЪ,
ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ, НАДСОНЪ и СОЛОГУБЪ.

СОСТАВИЛЪ

Б. А. РУДЗИНСКІЙ,

ГЛАСГОВЪ

F. Kellor

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ACCENTED RUSSIAN READER.

P O E M S

SELECTED FROM

KARAMZIN, PUSHKIN, TYUTCHEV, LERMONTOV,
COUNT A. TOLSTOY, NIKITIN, PLESHCHEYEV,
NADSON, AND SOLOGUB.

EDITED WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS, AND NOTES,

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Collection

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS collection of typical Russian lyrics is meant to aid learners who have passed the first stage in their study of the language. Mr. Rudzinsky's "Russian Reader," issued in 1916, has furnished them with specimens of Turgeniev's prose, accompanied by useful notes and vocabularies. His second volume will introduce them to some of Russia's national poets, and to a number of the poems in which the Russian outlook and temperament find expression. The short critical and biographical notices will serve to indicate each author's place in the literary history of his country. The prose renderings of his verse are of design made severely literal. A freer and more idiomatic version might hinder rather than help a student whose first concern is with the Russian language and its grammatical structure. When he has mastered the translation of a poem, and gained some insight into its meaning and mood, he will do well to learn it by heart, so that he can sing or recite it aloud. This method will give him first of all a store of beautiful words in their idiomatic settings and forms. The

strongly-marked rhythm of the lines, the rhythm of recurring stress, will fix in his mind the elusive and changing accentuation of the words. He will thus accustom his organs to the difficulties of fluent utterance and articulation. And, lastly, by degrees he will catch the swing and spirit of the poem, feeling its art for himself, and thinking its purport as the poet thought it, in Russian, not in English. If he is of a literary bent, he will find a fresh pleasure in the baffling exercise of attempting to turn the terse and vivid Russian into good English (or Scots) verse of the same lilt and measure.

I have pleasure in commending to British students a Russian text-book, printed in Scotland, at the instance of a teacher who has done much to further the study of Russian in Glasgow, and whose Scottish pupils are already taking an active part in transmitting his instruction to others.

DONALD MACALISTER.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,
March 1917.

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS book has been prepared in response to the suggestion that a selection of Russian Poems might be of great value to all interested in the Russian language and literature, as up to the present time no volume of Russian poetry has been published for British students. Therefore we hope that this collection, small though it is, will be welcome to learners and readers in this country, and will serve to give them some insight into the inner spirit and beauties of Russian verse.

GLASGOW, *April*, 1917.

КАРАМЗИНЪ.

НИКОЛА́Й МИХА́ЙЛОВИЧЪ КАРАМЗІ́НЪ,
1765—1826.
NICHOLAS KARAMZIN.

NICHOLAS KARAMZIN'S poetical compositions are of great literary value, mainly from a historical point of view, as he was the first to portray the true character of Russian sentimentalism, and his poems must really be considered as an important step in the development of Russian poetry.

"With Karamzin," says Prince Vyazemsky, (1792-1878, critic, poet, and satirist), "was born in Russia the poetry of sentiment, of love of Nature, of delicate reflections of thoughts, ideas, and impressions. In Russian Poetry, for the first time, in spontaneous confession was said what the heart feels, loves, hides, and guards."

Besides his poems, dissertations, and novels, Karamzin produced a "History of the Russian Dominion" in twelve volumes. This publication was epoch-making. It was the first time in Russian history that a prose work enjoyed such an immense success, and it may be taken as marking the beginning of the linguistic and literary consciousness of the Russian people.

Karamzin's greatest merit, however, consists in having purified the Russian language from the dross of Church-Slavonic words and constructions, by borrowing freely from the store of the spoken language, and by following the simpler construction and the shorter sentences of the French and English languages.

„АХЪ, Я НЕ ЗНА́ЛЬ ТЕБЯ́!...“

(изъ „Послѣнія къ Жѣнщинамъ.“)

Ахъ, я не зна́ль тебя́!... ты, давъ мнѣ жизнь,
сокры́лась !

Среді́ весѣннихъ, ясныхъ дней

Въ жилище мрака пресели́лась !¹

Я въ пѣрвый жи́зни часъ наказанъ былъ Судьбо́й !

Не могъ тебя́ ласка́ть, ласка́емъ быть тобо́й !

Другіе на колѣ́няхъ

Любѣзныхъ матерей въ веселіи цвѣ́ли,

А я въ печальныхъ тѣ́няхъ

Рѣ́кою слѣ́зы лилъ на мохъ сыро́й земли,

На мохъ тво́ей моги́лы !...

Но о́бразъ твой священны́й, ми́лый,

Въ груди́ мо́ей напечатлѣ́нь²

И съ чу́вствомъ въ ней соединѣ́нь !

Твой ти́хий нравъ оста́лся мнѣ въ наслѣ́дство,

Твой духъ всегда́ со мной.

Неви́димой руко́й

Храни́ла ты моё безо́пытное дѣ́тство ;

Ты въ лѣ́тахъ юноши меня́ къ добру́ влекла́

И со́вѣстью мо́ей въ часъ сла́бостей была́.

Я ча́сто тѣ́нь твою́ съ любóвью обнима́ю,

И въ вѣ́чности³ тебя́ узна́ю !

БѢРЕГЪ.

Послѣ бѹри и волнѣнья,
Всѣхъ опáсностей путѣ
Морехóдцамъ нѣтъ сомнѣнья
Въ пристань мѣрную войти.

Пусть она и неизвѣстна !
Пусть ея на картѣ нѣтъ !
Мысль, надежда имъ прелѣстна
Тамъ избáвиться отъ бѣды.

Есть-ли¹ жъ взóромъ открывáютъ
На брегú² друзей, родныхъ,
„О блаженство !“ восклицáютъ
И летáтъ въ объáты ихъ.

Жизнь ! ты мóре и волнѣнье !
Смерть ! ты пристань и покой !
Бúдетъ тамъ соединѣнье
Разлучѣнныхъ здѣсь волной.

Вѣжу, вѣжу... вы маните
Насъ къ тайнственнымъ брегамъ !...
Тѣни мѣлыя ! Храните
Мѣсто подлѣ васъ друзьямъ !

ТѢНЬ И ПРЕДМѢТЪ.

Мы вѣдимъ счастья тѣнь въ мечтáхъ земнóго свѣта;¹
Есть счастье гдѣ-нибудь: нѣтъ тѣни безъ предмета.

“AH, I DID NOT KNOW THEE! . . .”

(From “A Message to Women.”)

AH, I did not know thee! . . . thou, after giving me
life, didst disappear!

In the middle of bright spring days

Thou didst pass over to the abode of darkness!

I, in the first hour of my life, was punished by
Destiny!

I could not caress thee, nor be caressed by thee!

Others on the knees

Of beloved mothers have bloomed in happiness,

And I amidst sorrowful shadows

Shed tears in streams on the moss of the damp
ground,

On the moss of thy grave! . . .

But thine image dear and sacred

Is imprinted in my bosom

And united with the consciousness therein!

Thy gentle disposition remained as an inheritance
to me,

Thy spirit is always with me.

With unseen hand

Thou didst guard my inexperienced childhood;

Thou in the days of my youth didst draw me
towards the good,
And thou wast my conscience at the moment of
weaknesses.
I often embrace thy shadow with love,
And I shall recognise thee in the Hereafter !

¹ Преселѣться = переселѣться, *to remove to another place.*

² Letter ѣ should here be pronounced like ё (*yo*).

³ Вѣчностъ (lit.), *eternity.*

The above extract is from a long poem "Message to Women" printed in 1796. It is most realistic as it portrays in vivid language the poet's sorrow and regret at the loss of his mother, who died in 1769 when he was only three years old.

This is one of the most beautiful and touching parts of the whole poem „Послание къ женщинамъ.“

THE SHORE.

AFTER the storm and tossing of the waves,
(After) all the dangers of the voyage,
There is no hesitation for the seamen
To enter the peaceful port.

Let it even be unknown !
Let it not be on the map !
The thought, the hope is delightful for them,
There to free themselves from troubles.

And if then they discover by a glance
On the shore, friends, kinsmen,
“ Oh happiness ! ” they exclaim
And fly into their arms.

Life ! thou art sea and tossing of the waves !
Death ! thou art port and peace !
There will be the reunion
Of those separated here by the wave.

I see, I see . . . you beckon
Us to the mysterious shores ! . . .
Dear shadows ! Keep
A place near you for (your) friends !

¹ ЕСТЬ-ЛИ is an old form of ЕСЛИ, *if*.

² Брегъ = бѣрегъ, *shore*.

This poem appeared for the first time in a Russian magazine in 1803. It is characteristic in its melancholy sentiments and thoughts about life and death. Death does not appear

terrible to the poet, but on the contrary he sees in it the port of peace where the reunion with our dear departed ones takes place. Similarly in many other poems he develops the same subject, which seems to have a peculiar fascination for him.

In this poem, especially, Karamzin was influenced by the death of his first wife (1802).

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE.

WE see the shadow of happiness in the dreams of this
terrestrial globe ;
Happiness exists somewhere : there is no shadow without
substance.

Or (less literally) :—

We see joy's shadow in our earthly dreaming,
Somewhere joy *is* : no shadow without substance.

¹ СВѢТЪ (lit.), *world, light*.

These two lines, written in 1822, are the last of Karamzin's poetry. They are very characteristic, as they show that Karamzin, until his last days, remained, as he always was, a genuine optimist.

ПУШКИНЪ.

АЛЕКСАНДРЪ СЕРГѢЕВИЧЪ ПУШКИНЪ.

1799—1837.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN is Russia's national poet ; the "Peter the Great of Poetry," who out of foreign material created something new, national, and Russian, and left imperishable models for future generations.

The chief characteristic of his genius is its universality. He is a poet of everyday life, a realistic poet, and above all a lyrical poet. He set free the Russian language from the bondage of conventionalism. He was a great artist ; his style is clear, plastic, and pure.

"In Pushkin," says Soloviev (1853-1900, the philosopher), "according to his own testimony, there were two different and separate beings—the inspired priest of Apollo, and the most frivolous of all the frivolous children of the world. His youth was spent in vanity, and Pushkin calls the poems of his youth the pampered echoes of folly and passion."

Pushkin's works are "Ruslan and Ludmila" (romantic poem) ; "Boris Godunov" (dramatic chronicle) ; "The Sage Oleg" (ballad) ; "The Gypsies" (poem) ; "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (poem) ; "Eugene Onegin" (Don-Juanesque poem, his masterpiece, on which Tchaikovsky composed his famous Opera) ; "The Captain's Daughter" (prose story) ;

“The Queen of Spades ” (prose story), etc.; besides many other lyrics and occasional pieces.

“Russian poetry,” said Mérimée (1803–1870, well-known French writer and admirer of Pushkin, whom he called the greatest poet of his epoch), “seeks first of all for truth, and beauty appears after by itself . . .” “With Pushkin poetry blossoms in a marvellous way of itself, from very sober prose.”

ЗИМНЕЕ УТРО.

Вечоръ,¹ ты помнишь, вьюга злилась,
На мутномъ небѣ мгла носилась;
Луна; какъ блѣдное пятно,
Сквозь тучи мрачныя желтѣла,
И ты печальная сидѣла.
А нынче. . . поглядѣ въ окно:
Подъ голубыми небесами
Великолѣпными коврами,
Блестя на солнцѣ, снѣгъ лежитъ;
Прозрачный² лѣсъ одинъ чернѣетъ,
И ель сквозь иней зеленѣетъ,
И рѣчка подо льдомъ блеститъ.

ПОЭТУ.

Сонѣтъ.

Поэтъ, не дорожи любовію народной !
Восторженныхъ похвалъ пройде́тъ мину́тныи
шумъ.
Услы́шишь судъ глупца́ и смѣхъ толпы́ холо́дной;
Но ты оста́нся твёрдъ, споко́енъ и угрю́мъ.

Ты царь: живи́ оди́нь. Доро́гою свобо́дной
Иди́, куда́ влече́тъ тебѣ́ свобо́дный умъ,
Усовершенство́вая плоды́ любимо́ыхъ думъ,
Не тре́буя награ́дъ за по́двигъ благо́родный.

Онѣ́ въ само́мъ тебѣ́. Ты самъ свой вы́сшій
судъ,
Всѣ́хъ стро́же оцѣ́нить умѣ́ешь ты свой трудъ,
Ты имъ дово́ленъ ли, взыска́тельный худо́жникъ ?

Дово́ленъ ? Такъ пуска́й толпа́ его́ брани́тъ,
И плюе́тъ на алта́рь, гдѣ́ твой ого́нь горѣ́тъ,
И въ дѣ́тской рѣ́звости коле́блетъ твой
тrenóжникъ.

БѢСЫ.

Баллада.

Мч́атся т́учи, вь́ются т́учи,
Невид́имкою луна́
Освѣща́етъ снѣ́гъ лету́чій,
Му́тно не́бо, ночь му́тна.
Б́ду, б́ду въ чи́стомъ по́лѣ,
Колоко́льчикъ динь-динь-динь. . .
Стра́шно, стра́шно понево́лѣ
Средь невѣ́домыхъ равни́нь !

—Эй, поше́ль, ямщи́къ !... „Нѣ́тъ мо́чи:¹
Коня́мъ, ба́ринъ, тяжело́;
Вью́га мнѣ́ слипа́етъ о́чи,
Все́ доро́ги занесло́,—
Хоть убѣ́й, слѣ́да не ви́дно,
Сби́лись мы. Что дѣ́лать намъ !
Въ по́лѣ бѣ́съ насъ во́дитъ, ви́дно,
Да кружи́тъ по сторо́намъ.

„Посмотрі́; вонъ, вонъ игра́етъ,
Ду́етъ, плюётъ на меня́;
Вонъ—тепе́рь въ овра́гъ толка́етъ
Одичала́го коня́;

Тамъ верстою² небывáлой
Онъ торчáлъ пéредо мной;
Тамъ сверкну́лъ онъ искро́й ма́лой
И пропáлъ во тьмѣ пустóй.“

Мчáтся тучи, вы́ются тучи,
Невидíмкою луна́
Освѣща́етъ снѣгъ лету́чій,
Му́тно нéбо, ночь му́тна.
Силъ намъ нѣтъ круж́иться до́лѣ;
Колоко́льчикъ вдругъ умо́лкъ,
Кóни ста́ли. . . —Что тамъ въ по́лѣ ?
„Кто ихъ зна́етъ: пенъ иль волкъ ?“

Вы́юга зли́тся, вы́юга пла́четъ;
Кóни чу́ткіе храпа́тъ;
Вонъ ужъ онъ далéче ска́четъ,
Лишь глаза́ во мглѣ́ горя́тъ !
Кóни сно́ва понесл́ися
Колоко́льчикъ динь-динь-динь. . .
В́ижу: дýхи собра́лися
Средь бѣлѣ́ющихъ равни́нь.

Безконéчны, безобра́зны,
Въ му́тной мѣсяца игрѣ́
Закруж́ились бѣсы́ разны́,
Бúдто ли́стья въ поя́брѣ́. . .

Скóлько ихъ ! куда ихъ гóнять ?
Что такъ жалобно пою́тъ ?
Домовóго³ ли хорóняютъ,
Вѣдьму⁴ ль зáмужъ выдаю́тъ ?

Мчáтся тúчи, вью́тся тúчи,
Невидíмкою лунá
Освѣща́етъ снѣгъ летúчий.
Мúтно нéбо, ночь мутнá.
Мчáтся бѣсы рой за рóемъ
Въ безпредѣльной вышинѣ,
Визгомъ жалобнымъ и во́емъ
Надрывáя сёрдце мнѣ. . .

ЦЫГАНСКІЙ ТАБОРЪ.

изъ поѣмы „Цыгáны.“

Цыгáны щúмною толпо́й
По Бессара́бии¹ кочúютъ.
Онѣ сего́дня надъ рѣ́кой
Въ шáтрахъ изóдранныхъ ночúютъ.
Какъ вóльность, вéсель ихъ ночлéгъ
И мѣрный сонъ подъ небеса́ми.
Ме́жду колёсами телѣ́гъ,
Полузавѣшенныхъ ковра́ми,

Горѣтъ огóнь; семья́ кругóмъ
Готóвить ѹжинь; въ чѣстóмъ полѣ
Пасúтся кóни; за шатрóмъ
Ручнóй медвѣ́дь лежѣтъ на вóлѣ.²
Всѣ́ жѣ́во посре́дѣ степѣ́й:
Забóты мѣ́рныя семе́й,
Готóвыхъ съ ѹ́тромъ въ путь не́да́льнѣй,
И пѣ́сни жѣ́нь³, и кри́къ дѣ́тѣй,
И звонъ похóдной наковáльни.
Но вотъ на та́боръ кочевóй
Нисхóдитъ сóнное молча́нье,
И слы́шно въ тишинѣ́ степнóй
Лишь лай собáкъ да конѣ́й ржа́нье.
Огнѣ́й вездѣ́ погашены́;
Споко́йно всё. Луна́ сі́яетъ
Одна́ съ небѣ́сной выши́ны
И тѣ́хѣй та́боръ оза́ряетъ.

ОВВА́ЛЬ.

Дробя́сь о мра́чныя скалы́,
Шумя́тъ и пѣ́нятся валы́,
И на́до мно́й крича́тъ орлы́,
И ро́шцетъ боръ́,

И блещутъ средь волнистой мглы
Вершины горъ.

Оттоль сорвался разъ обваль
И съ тяжкимъ грохотомъ упаль,
И всю тѣснину между скаль
Загородиль,

И Тéreка¹ могучій валь
Остановиль.

Вдругъ, истощаясь и приемирѣвъ,
О Тereкъ, ты прерваль свой ревъ;
Но заднихъ волнъ упорный гнѣвъ
Прошибъ снѣга.

Ты затопиль, освирѣпѣвъ,
Свой брегá.

И долго прорванный обваль
Нетáлой грудою лежалъ,
И Тereкъ злой подъ шимъ бѣжалъ
И пылью водъ

И шумной пѣной орошалъ
Ледяный сводъ.

И путь по нёмъ широкій шёлъ,
И конь скакаль, и влѣкся волъ,
И своего верблюда вѣлъ
Степной купецъ,—

Гдѣ нынѣ мчится лишь Эоль,²
Небесъ жилецъ.

A WINTER MORNING.

LAST night, thou dost remember, the snow-storm
grew furious,
Over the murky sky the mist floated ;
The moon, like a pale smear,
Looked yellow through the sombre clouds,
And thou wert sitting sorrowful,
And now . . . look out from the window :
Under the blue skies,
Like magnificent carpets,
The snow lies, glittering in the sun ;
The leafless forest alone looks black,
And the pine through the hoar-frost looks green,
And the stream glitters under the ice.

¹ Вечоръ = вчера вечеромъ, *yesterday evening*.

² Прозрачный (lit.), *translucent*.

The above poem was written by Pushkin after his return from the Caucasus, in November, 1829.

TO THE POET.

SONNET.

POET, do not over-value public favour !
The momentary noise of enthusiastic praises will pass away,
Thou wilt hear the judgment of the fool and the laughter of
the cold crowd ;
But remain firm, calm, and stern.

Thou art a king : live alone. Along the free road
Go whither the free mind draws thee,
Maturing the fruits of beloved ideas,
Not claiming rewards for the noble deed.

They are in thee, thyself. Thou thyself art thine own
highest tribunal,
Thou more rigorously than all canst estimate thine own work.
Art thou pleased with it, exacting artist ?

Pleased ? Then let the crowd abuse it,
And spit on the altar where thy fire burns,
And with childish petulance shake thy tripod.

Prince Bariatinsky (1800–1844, lyrical poet), who was invited to examine the papers which remained after the death of Pushkin, wrote in one of his letters to his friend : “ Can you imagine what astonished me most in all these poems ? Abundance of thoughts ! Pushkin—thinker ! Who would have thought it ? ”

And as an example of this the above sonnet “ To the Poet ” (written in 1830) may be taken.

DEMONS.

BALLAD.

THE clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
Unseen the moon
Lights up the flying snow,
The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
I drive, I drive in the open plain,
The little bell ding-ding-ding . . .
It is fearsome, fearsome in spite of one's-self,
Amid the unknown plains !

—"Hey, go on, driver!" . . . "There's no possibility :
For the horses, sir, it is heavy ;
The snow-storm shuts my eyes,
All the roads are blocked,—
Though (you) kill me, a track is not to be seen,
We are lost. What are we to do !
In the plain a demon leads us, seemingly,
And turns us aside.

"Look : there, there he plays,
He blows, he spits on me ;
Here—now into a ravine he pushes
The shying horse ;

There like a weird verst-post
He stood up in front of me ;
There he flashed like a little spark
And disappeared in the empty darkness."

The clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
Unseen the moon
Lights up the flying snow,
The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
We have no strength to circle farther ;
The little bell suddenly became silent,
The horses stopped . . .—What is there in the
plain ?
" Who knows them : a tree-stump or a wolf ? "

The snow-storm becomes furious, the snow-storm
wails ;
The quick-witted horses snort ;
There again farther on he jumps,
Only his eyes burn in the darkness !
The horses started off again
The little bell ding-ding-ding . . .
I see : the phantoms assembled
In the midst of the whitening plains.

Endless, formless,
In the dim play of the moonlight

Whirled the manifold demons,
Like the leaves in November . . .
How many of them ! Where are they driven to ?
What do they sing so plaintively ?
Are they burying the hobgoblin,
Are they giving the witch in marriage ?

The clouds scurry, the clouds whirl,
Unseen the moon
Lights up the flying snow,
The sky is gloomy, the night is gloomy.
The demons run swarm after swarm
In the boundless height,
With plaintive wail and moan
Rending my heart . . .

¹ НѢТЬ МОЧИ (МОЧЬ, n.f., *might, power*), there is no power, might.

² Верста́, *two thirds of a mile* ; also *verst-post*.

³ Домово́й, familiar spirit, house demon, who lives, according to the belief of ancient Slavs, in every house.

⁴ Вѣ́дьма, witch, old hag who, according to the people's superstition, acts with devil's power.

In the above ballad, in a charming allegorical form, Pushkin gives a wonderful picture of a snow-storm, and describes it just as a Russian would feel it when travelling in a wooden sledge through the snowy and deserted plains during the winter night.

THE GYPSIES' CAMP.

From the poem "Gypsies."

THE gypsies in a noisy crowd
In Bessarabia wander about.
They to-day above the river
In tattered tents spend the night.
As freedom gay is their night's stay
And their peaceful sleep under the skies.
Among the wheels of the carts
Half-covered with rugs,
Burns the fire ; the family around
Prepares the supper ; in the open field
The horses graze ; behind the tent
The tame bear lies at liberty.
Everything is lively amid the steppes :
The peaceful cares of the families
Ready for their short journey in the morning,
And the songs of the women and the shout of
 the children,
And the clang of the field-anvil.
But there over the nomad camp
Descends a sleepy silence,
And one hears in the stillness of the steppe
Only the barking of dogs and the neighing of
 horses.

The fires everywhere are put out ;
Everything quiet. The moon shines
Lonely from the celestial height
And illuminates the still camp.

¹ Bessarabia, S.W. of Russia, taken finally by Russia from Turkey in 1812. It lies between Austria, Rumania, the Black Sea, and Russia proper.

² Most of the gypsies in Bessarabia have a trained bear with them in their wanderings. As they pass through the villages and towns, they make the bear perform and collect money from the spectators. This, along with fortune-telling, singing, and dancing, is one of their means of livelihood.

³ Жѣнѣ, gen. pl. of женá, *wife*, here used in the sense of жѣнщинѣ, *of women*.

From the Caucasus (Кавкázъ) Pushkin went to Bessarabia (Бессарабія) through Crimea (Крымъ), and there he learned the life and customs of gypsies wandering in the steppes. Impressed by what he saw, he wrote his beautiful and picturesque poem called "Gypsies" (Цыгáны).

The poem begins with the description of the Gypsies' Camp given above.

THE AVALANCHE.

DASHING against the gloomy rocks,
The breakers howl and froth,
And above me the eagles scream,
 And the pine forest murmurs,
And amidst the wavering mists glitter
 The summits of the mountains.
From there once an avalanche tore away
And with heavy rumble fell down,
And the whole pass between the rocks
 Blocked up,
And the mighty wave of Terek
 Stopped.
Suddenly, drained and quieted,
O Terek, thou didst check thy roaring ;
But the stubborn wrath of the waves behind
 Pierced the snow.
Thou, becoming furious, didst overflow
 Thy banks,
And for a long time the broken avalanche
Lay in an unmelted mass,
And the angry Terek under it was running,
 And with the spray of the waters
And noisy froth it splashed
 The icy vault.

And a broad path passed over it,
 And the horse galloped, and the ox sauntered,
 And led his camel
 The steppe merchant,—
 Where now only Æolus sweeps by,
 A dweller of the skies.

¹ Terek (Тѣрекъ), a river rising in the Caucasian mountains (Кавказскій Горы) and falling into the Caspian Sea (Каспійское Море). It runs along the Darial Gorge (Даріальское Ущѣліе), which crosses the Caucasian Range (Кавказскій Хребѣтъ) from north to south.

² Эѳлъ, Æolus, fantastic being of the ancient Greeks ; the king of winds.

Caucasus was for Pushkin what Switzerland and Italy were for Byron. He visited Erzerum (Эрзерумъ), principal town in Turkish Armenia, in 1829, in order to witness the war between the Russians and the Turks in Asia Minor. After his travels he wrote his diary, "Journey to Erzerum" (Путешѣствіе въ Эрзерумъ), and many poems, in which he describes the various phenomena of nature, and gives impressions of his travels. In this poem we have a vivid description of an avalanche which fell towards the end of June, 1827. In his diary he tells us that such phenomena happen generally every seven years, often causing the death of many travellers and mountain dwellers.

ТЮТЧЕВЪ.

ФЕДОРЪ ИВАНОВИЧЪ ТЮТЧЕВЪ.

1803—1873.

THEODORE TYUTCHEV.

THEODORE TYUTCHEV'S work is composed of glowing pictures of nature, and of yearning desire ; and all his verses are very melodious.

Turgeniev (1818-1883) says of him that he is one of the most remarkable of Russian poets. In his works it is easy to trace the great epoch to which he belonged, and which was so brightly and strongly represented in Pushkin. The only other elements in his poetry are the purely lyrical. None of his poems are merely technical compositions; it would seem that they are all written to celebrate an actual event, as is the case with Goethe (1749-1832). That is to say, they are not invented, but have grown by themselves, like the fruit on the tree. Owing to this precious quality we can see in him above all things the influence of Pushkin, the traditions of whose school he continued.

The thoughts of Tyutchev never appear to the reader as abstractions ; but they always harmonise with a picture drawn from the world of soul and from nature.

СЛЁЗЫ.

Слёзы людскія, о, слёзы людскія,
Льётесь вы ранней и поздней поро́й,¹
Льётесь безвѣстныя, льётесь незрѣмыя.
Неисто́щія, неисчисли́мая,
Льётесь, какъ льются струи² дождевыя
Въ осень глухую, поро́ю ночью.

ВЕСНА́.

Зима́ недáромъ злѣтся:
Прошла́ ея́ порá,
Весна́ въ окно́ стучится
И гóнитъ со двора́.

И всё засуетѣлось,
Всё гóнитъ зиму́ вонъ,
И жáворонки въ нѣбѣ
Ужъ по́дняли трезвóнъ.¹

Зима́ ещё хлопóчетъ
И на весну́ ворчѣтъ,
Та ей въ глаза́ хохóчетъ,²
И пуще́ лишь шумѣтъ !

Взбѣсѣлась вѣдьма³ злая
И, снѣгу захватя́,
Пустѣла, убѣгая́,
Въ прекра́сное дѣтя́.

Веснѣ́ и го́ря ма́ло:
Умы́лася въ снѣгу́,
И лишь румя́нѣй ста́ла
Напереко́ръ врагу́.

ВЕСЁННЯЯ ГРОЗА́.

Люблю грозу́ въ началѣ́ ма́я,
Когда́ весённый пёрвый громъ,
Какъ бы рѣзвя́ся и игра́я,
Грохо́четъ въ не́бѣ́ голу́бомъ.

Гремя́тъ раскаты́ молодёе,
Вотъ до́ждикъ бры́знулъ, пыль леті́тъ,
Пові́сли пёрлы дождевы́я,
И со́лнце нёвы золоті́тъ.

Съ горы́ бѣ́житъ пото́къ проворный,
Въ лѣ́су не мо́лкнетъ пти́чій гамъ;
И гамъ лѣ́сной и шумъ наго́рный—
Всё вто́рить вёсело гро́мамъ.

TEARS.

HUMAN tears, O human tears !
You fall early and late,
You fall in secret, you fall unseen,
Inexhaustible, numberless,
You fall as the rain-drops fall
In dark autumn, in the night time.

¹ Попá (lit.), *season, time*.

² Струя́ (lit.), *stream, current*.

SPRING.

THE winter not without reason grows wroth :
Her season is past,
Spring knocks at the window
And drives her out of doors.

And everything has begun to stir,
Everything drives the winter away,
And the larks in the sky
Have already raised their chime.

Winter still makes trouble,
And grumbles at the spring,
But she laughs in her face,
And only clamours more.

The angry witch grew furious
And, snatching up the snow,
Threw it, running away,
At the pretty child.

For spring it was but little concern :
She washed herself in the snow,
And became only rosier
In spite of her foe.

¹ Трезвѣнъ, chime or treble peal, ringing of bells, generally holiday ringing.

² Хохотать въ глаза (lit.), to laugh in the eyes.

³ Вѣдьма, see Pushkin's poem "Demons."

A SPRING STORM.

I LIKE the storm in the beginning of May,
When Spring's first thunder,
As if frolicking and playing,
Rumbles in the blue sky.

 The young thunder rolls,
 There the rain splashes, the dust flies,
 Rainy pearls are pendant,
 And the sun gilds the cornfields.

The brisk stream rushes from the hill,
In the forest the clamour of the birds never hushes :
And the clamour of the forest and the mountain uproar—
All merrily accompany the thunders.

ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ.

МИХАЙЛЪ ЮРЬЕВИЧЪ ЛЁРМОНТОВЪ.

1814—1841.

LERMONTOV.

MICHAEL LERMONTOV, like Pushkin, was essentially a lyric poet, but unlike Pushkin, he was a true romanticist. He is one of the most eminent and fascinating figures in the whole range of Russian literature. His lyrics are very beautiful and touching, and many of his longer poems are striking examples of vividness of conception and simplicity of treatment.

Among his most celebrated works are—"A Hero of our Days" (the first psychological novel which appeared in Russia); "The Demon" (poem giving a vivid description of Caucasian scenery and Caucasian life and customs); "The Song of the Tsar Ivan Vasilievitch"; "The Merchant Kulashnikov" (poem, his masterpiece), etc.

Lermontov was of Scottish extraction. The founder of his family is said to have been George Learmont, who emigrated in company with other Scotsmen to Russia in the Seventeenth Century.

Alexander Herzen (1812-1870) a distinguished Russian man of letters, who endeavours to blend German philosophy, French political theory, and English common-sense with his original Russian nature, characterises Lermontov, who was a personal friend of his, as follows:—"Lermontov belongs

entirely to our generation. Our generation was too young to take part in the conspiracy and revolt of the 14th December, 1826. Roused by the great day, it saw only executions and exile.

“Silenced by force and suppressing its tears, it learned to conceal its feelings and to live upon its ideas. And what were these ideas? Not those of civilising liberalism and of progress; but doubts, negations, and thoughts of madness. Accustomed to such sensations, Lermontov could not find a refuge in lyric poetry as did Pushkin. The iron load of scepticism weighted his spirit in all his reveries, in all his enjoyments. Sad and stern thought left its impress on his brows. We meet this in all his productions. It was no abstract idea which sought to express itself in the imagery of poetry. No; in his writings are reflected his own anguish, his own power. To a truly great clearness of perception he added boldness of utterance without dissimulation, with no fear of criticism. He was considered to be one of those idle children of an aristocratic house, who perish from ennui and satiety. People refused to see how Lermontov had struggled or how much he had suffered before daring to express his ideas, although these ideas were becoming more generally accepted from day to day. With the ordinary man resentment and hatred meet with more indulgence than maturity of thought and that aloofness which does not share his common hopes and fears.”

„КОГДА ВОЛНУЕТСЯ ЖЕЛТѢЮЩАЯ
НИВА . . .“

Когда волнуется желтѣющая нѣва,
И свѣжіи лѣсъ шумѣтъ при звукѣ вѣтерка,
И прячется въ саду малиновая слива
Подъ тѣнью сладостной зелѣнаго листка;

Когда, росой обрызганный душистой
Румянымъ вечеромъ плъ утра въ часъ златой,
Изъ-подъ куста мнѣ ландышъ серебристый
Привѣтливо киваетъ головою;

Когда студѣный ключъ играетъ по оврагу
И, погружая мысль въ какой-то смутный сонъ,
Лепечетъ мнѣ таинственную сагу
Про мирный край, откуда мчится онъ:

Тогда смирѣется души моей тревога,
Тогда расхѣдятся морщины на челѣ,
И счастье я могу постигнуть на землѣ,
И въ небесахъ я вижу Бога . . .

КАЗАЧЬЯ КОЛЫБѢЛЬНАЯ ПѢСНЯ.

Спи, младенецъ мой прекрасный,
Баюшки-баю,¹
Тѣхо смѣтрить мѣсяцъ ясный
Въ колыбѣль твою.
Стану скáзывать я скáзки,
Пѣсенку спою;
Ты жъ дремли, закрѣвши глáзки,
Баюшки-баю.
По камнѣмъ струится Тѣрекъ,²
Плещеть мутный валь;
Злой чечѣнъ³ ползѣтъ на бѣрегъ,
Тóчить свой кинжаль;
Но отецъ твой—старый вои́нъ,
Закалѣнъ въ бою. . .
Спи, малю́тка, будь споко́енъ,
Баюшки-баю.
Самъ узна́ешь—бúдетъ время—
Бранное житьѣ;
Смѣло вдѣ́нешь нóгу въ стрѣмя
И возмѣшь ружьѣ.
Я сѣдѣльце боевое
Шѣлкомъ разошью. . .

Спи, дитя моё родное,
Баюшки-баю.
Богатырь ты будешь съ виду
И казакъ душой.
Провожать тебя я выйду:
Ты махнёшь рукою. . .
Сколько горькихъ слёзъ украдкой
Я въ ту ночь пролью !
Спи, мой ангелъ, тихо, сладко,
Баюшки-баю.
Стану я тоской томиться,
Безутѣшно ждать,
Стану цѣлый день молиться,
По ночамъ гадать;
Стану думать, что скучаешь
Ты въ чужомъ краю. . .
Спи жъ, пока заботъ не знаешь,
Баюшки-баю.
Дамъ тебѣ я на дорогу
Образокъ святой;
Ты его, моляся Богу,
Ставь передъ собою.
Да готовясь въ бой опасный,
Помни мать свою. . .
Спи, младенецъ мой прекрасный,
Баюшки-баю.

ЧАША ЖИЗНИ.

Мы пьёмъ изъ чаши бытія
Съ закрытыми очами,
Златые омочивъ края
Своими же слезами.
Когда же, передъ смертію, съ глазъ
Завязка упадетъ,
И всё, что обольщало насъ,
Съ завязкой исчезаетъ,
Тогда мы видимъ, что пуста
Была златая чаша,
Что въ ней напитокъ былъ—мечта,
И что она не наша !

НИЩІЙ.

У вратъ обітели свято́й
Стоя́лъ—прося́щій пода́йня,
Безси́льный, блѣ́дный и худо́й
Отъ гла́да, жа́жды и страда́нья.

Ку́ска́ лишь хлѣ́ба онъ проси́лъ
И взоръ явля́лъ живу́ю му́ку,
И кто-то ка́мень положи́лъ
Въ егó протя́нутую ру́ку !

Такъ я моли́лъ тво́ей любви́,
Съ слеза́ми го́рькими, съ тоско́ю;
Такъ чу́ства лу́чшія мо́й
Навѣ́къ обма́нуты тобо́ю.

ВО́ЛНЫ И ЛЮ́ДИ.

Во́лны катя́тся одна́ за друго́ю
Съ плéскомъ и шу́момъ глу́химъ;
Лю́ди прохо́дятъ ничто́жной толпо́ю
Та́кже оди́нъ за други́мъ.
Во́лнамъ ихъ нево́ля и хо́лодь доро́же
Зно́йныхъ полу́дня луче́й;
Лю́ди хотя́тъ имѣ́ть ду́ши. . . и что же ?
Ду́ши въ нихъ—волни́ холоднѣ́й !

МОНОЛОГЪ.

Повѣрь, ничтожество есть благо въ здѣшнемъ
свѣтѣ ! . . .

Къ чему́ глубо́кія позн́анья, жа́жда сла́вы,
Тала́нтъ и пы́лкая любо́вь свобо́ды,
Когда́ мы ихъ употреби́ть не мо́жемъ ?
Мы, дѣти сѣ́вера, какъ здѣ́шнія расте́нья,
Цвѣ́тѣмъ недолго, бы́стро увяда́емъ. . .
Какъ со́лнце зи́мнее на сѣ́ромъ небоскло́нѣ,
Такъ па́смурна жи́знь на́ша, такъ недолго
Ея́ однообра́зное течѣ́нье. . .
И ду́шно ка́жется на ро́динѣ,
И се́рдцу тя́жко, и ду́ша тоску́етъ.
Не зная́ ни любви́, ни дру́жбы сла́дкой,
Средь бу́рь пусты́хъ томи́тся ю́ность на́ша
И бы́стро зло́бы ядъ её мрачи́тъ,
И намъ го́рька осты́лой жи́зни ча́ша,
И ужъ ничто́ души́ не весели́тъ.

“WHEN THE YELLOWING CORNFIELD
IS WAVING . . .”

WHEN the yellowing cornfield is waving,
And the fresh forest murmurs to the wailing of the wind,
And the crimson berry hides itself in the garden
Under the sweet shade of the green leaflet ;

When, sprinkled with fragrant dew
In the purple evening or the golden hour of morning,
From under the bush the silvery lily-of-the-valley to me
In welcome beckons with its head ;

When the chilly fountain is playing along the ravine
And, sinking its thought into some sad dream,
Lisps to me a mysterious legend
About the peaceful land whence it hurries :

Then the throbbing of my heart is stilled,
Then the furrows on my forehead are smoothed,
And I can attain happiness on the earth,
And in the Heavens I see God . . .

COSSACK'S CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, my pretty child,
 Rock-a-bye,
 The bright moon silently looks
 Into thy cradle.
 I shall tell fairy-tales,
 I shall sing a song
 And fall asleep, thou, having closed thine eyes,
 Rock-a-bye.
 Over the stones ripples the Terek,
 The muddy wave splashes ;
 The wicked Tchetchenian crawls on the shore
 Sharpens his dagger ;
 But thy father is an old warrior
 Hardened in battle . . .
 Sleep, my little one, be calm,
 Rock-a-bye.
 Thou shalt know thyself—the time will come—
 The warlike life ;
 Boldly thou shalt thrust thy foot in the stirrup
 And thou shalt take the rifle.
 I the war saddle
 Shall embroider with silk . . .
 Sleep, mine own dear child,
 Rock-a-bye.

Thou shalt be a champion in figure
And a Cossack in spirit.
I shall go out to see thee off ;
Thou shalt wave with thy hand . . .
How many bitter tears secretly
I shall shed that night ! . . .
Sleep, my angel, silently, sweetly,
Rock-a-bye.
I shall torture myself with longing,
Wait disconsolate.
I shall pray all day long,
I shall "spae" in the nights ;
I shall think that thou feelest lonely
In a strange country . . .
Sleep then, while thou knowest not troubles,
Rock-a-bye.
I shall give thee for thy journey
An holy image ;
Thou, when praying to God,
Set it in front of thee.
And when preparing for the dangerous battle,
Remember thy mother . . .
Sleep, my pretty child,
Rock-a-bye.

¹ Баять means *to relate, to tell* ; баяна = баяника means *tale, story* ;
and баяники-бая means literally "*I tell the story,*" but has here no

special significance. It is the usual accompaniment of cradle songs, equivalent to the English "Rock-a-bye."

² Тѣрекъ, see *Pushkin's poem* "Avalanche."

³ Чечѣнъ or чечѣнецъ, *Tchetchenian*. The Tchetchenians are one of the Caucasian tribes, dwelling on the banks of the River Terek, and its tributary Sunzha (Сѹнжа).

The above poem is a good example of Lermontov's realistic and unadorned style of writing. Every word in it has the native savour and homeliness of a Cossack mother's speech, and every feeling expressed is one that she would naturally feel.

But to understand this poem, the reader must also realise that the Cossacks form a special body in which every male member is bound to render military service to Russia, practically for life (the exceptions that exist apply only to a priest, a teacher, or one of four brothers). To this high calling, every baby is devoted from the cradle.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

WE drink from the cup of existence
With closed eyes,
Moistening the golden rims
With our own tears.
But when, before death, from our eyes
The band falls away,
And all that charmed us
Disappears with the band,
Then we see that empty
Was the golden cup,
That the drink in it was—a dream,
And that it was not ours !

A BEGGAR.

AT the gate of the sacred monastery
He stood, asking for charity,
Weak, pale, and thin
From hunger, thirst, and suffering.

He only asked for a piece of bread
And his look bespoke living torment,
And someone put a stone
Into his outstretched hand !

Thus I prayed for thy love,
With bitter tears, with longing ;
Thus my best feelings
For ever are cheated by thee.

WAVES AND PEOPLE.

THE waves flow one after another
With sullen dashing and noise ;
The people pass by in a meaningless crowd
Also one after another.
To the waves their bondage and coldness are dearer
Than the sultry rays of midday ;
People want to have souls . . . and what then ?
The souls in them are colder than the waves !

MONOLOGUE.

BELIEVE that to be nothing is a boon in this world ! . . .
To what end are deep knowledge, thirst for fame,
Talent, and ardent love of freedom,
Since we cannot make use of them ?
We, the children of the north, like the local plants,
Flourish not for long ; we fade quickly . . .
As the winter sun on the grey horizon
So is our life as gloomy, as transient
Its monotonous flow . . .
And it feels stifling in the mother country,
And the heart is heavy and the soul yearns.
Knowing neither love nor sweet friendship,
Amidst the futile storms our youth pines away
And quickly the poison of evil darkens it,
And for us is bitter the chilled cup of life,
And nothing cheers our soul again.

ТОЛСТОЙ.

ГРАФЪ

АЛЕКСѢЙ КОНСТАНТИНОВИЧЪ ТОЛСТОЙ.

1817—1875.

COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY.

COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY is widely known as a lyrical poet. His versatility recalls that of Pushkin. All his lyrics are full of charm, tenderness, music, colour, and harmonious form. No Russian poet since Pushkin has written such tender lyrics of love, spring, and dawn. His songs have inspired Tchaikovsky and other well-known composers.

Besides a whole series of personal lyrics he wrote "Prince Serebryany" (historical novel); "Death of Ivan the Terrible"; "The Tsar Feodor Ivanovitch"; and "Tsar Boris" (tragic trilogy, written in verse, all stage-plays); epics on various themes; dramatic poems on "Don Juan," "St. John of Damascus," and "Mary Magdalene"; and a number of satires.

It may be added that no historical novel in Russian surpasses "Prince Serebryany" in its artistic setting and scrupulous adherence to facts. It has been translated into English three times.

КЪ ПРИРОДѢ.

Благословляю васъ, лѣса,
Долины, нѣвы, горы, воды,
Благословляю я свободу
И голубыя небеса !
И посохъ мой благословляю,
И эту бѣдную суму,
И степь отъ края и до края,
И солнца свѣтъ, и нѣчи тьму,
И одинокую тропинку,
По коей, нищій, я идѣю,
И въ полѣ каждую былинку,
И въ нѣбѣ каждую звѣзду !
О, если бѣ могъ всю жизнь смѣшать я,
Всю дѣшу вмѣстѣ съ вами слить:
О, если бѣ могъ въ мой объятья
Я васъ, врагѣ, друзья и братья,
И всю природу заключить !

„ОСТРОЮ СЪКІРОЙ РАНЕНА БЕРЁЗА. . .“

Острою сѣкѣрой ранена берёза,
По корѣ сребристой ¹ покатились слёзы.
Ты не плачь, берёза, бѣдная, не сѣтуй,
Рана не смертельна, вылѣчишься къ лѣту,
Будешь красоваться, листьями убрана—
Лишь больное сердце не залѣчитъ раны.

„ГРЯДОЙ КЛУБИТСЯ БѢЛОЮ. . .“

Грядой клубится бѣлою
Надъ озеромъ туманъ;
Тоскою добрый молодець
И горемъ обуянъ.

Не до-вѣку бѣлѣтся
Туманная грядá,
Разсѣтся, развѣтся,
А горе никогда !

TO NATURE.

I BLESS you, forests,
Valleys, corn-fields, hills, waters,
I bless Freedom
And blue skies !
And my work I bless,
And this poor wallet,
And the steppe from end to end,
And light of sun, and darkness of night,
And the lonely footpath
Along which, a beggar, I travel,
And every blade of grass in the field,
And every star in the sky !
O, if I could mingle all my life,
All my soul blend together with you ;
O, if I could in my embrace
You, enemies, friends, and brothers,
And all nature enclose !

“ WITH SHARP AXE THE BIRCH TREE IS
WOUNDED.”

WITH sharp axe the birch tree is wounded,
On the silvery bark the tears roll down.
Do not weep, birch tree, poor thing, do not grieve,
The wound is not mortal, thou wilt be healed by summer,
Thou shalt flaunt, adorned with leaves—
But a sick heart will not heal up its wound.

¹ Сребрістый = серебристый, *silvery*.

“ IN A WHITE MASS . . .”

•
IN a white mass whirls
The mist over the lake ;
The noble-hearted youth with longing
And with sorrow is possessed.

Not forever appears white
The misty mass ;
It will disperse, it will float away,
But sorrow nevermore !

НИКИТИНЪ.

ИВАНЪ СÁВВИЧЪ НИКÍТИНЪ.

1824—1861.

IVAN NIKITIN.

IVAN NIKITIN belongs to the better group of popular poets, and it was through his patriotic songs, written during the Crimean War, that he first became known.

His most successful poem is "Kulak" (Peasants' Money Lender), which was a proof of his deep knowledge of the life of the people and his remarkable powers of expression.

Among his best verses are "The Ploughman," "The Wife of the Driver," "Burlak" (a labourer towing boats up the river Volga), while such poems as "The Morning," "The Swallow's Nest," "A Winter Night in the Village," belong to the most popular of Russian songs.

НОЧЛѢГЪ ВЪ ДЕРЕВНѢ.

Душный вѣздухъ, дымъ лучины,
Подъ ногами соръ,
Соръ на лавкахъ, паутины
По угламъ узоръ;
Закопѣлыя палаты,
Черствый хлѣбъ, вода,
Кашель пряхи, плачь дитяти. . .
О нуждѣ, нуждѣ !
Мыкать горю, вѣкъ трудиться,
Ничимъ умереть. . .
Вотъ гдѣ нужно бы учиться
Вѣрить и терпѣть !

„ТѢХО НОЧЬ ЛОЖИТСЯ. . .“

ТѢхо ночь ложится
На вершины горъ,
И луна глядится
Въ зѣркало озѣръ.
Надъ глухою стѣпью
Въ неизвѣстный путь
Безконѣчной цѣпью
Облака плывутъ;
Надъ рѣкой широкой,
Сумракомъ покрытъ,
Въ тишинѣ глубокѣй
Лѣсъ густѣй стоитъ;
Свѣтлыя заливы
Въ камышахъ блестятъ,
Неподвижны нѣвы
На поляхъ стоятъ;
И небо голубѣе
Весело глядитъ,
И село большѣе
Беззаботно спитъ.

A NIGHT'S STAY IN THE VILLAGE.

A STUFFY atmosphere, smoke from the torch,
 Dust underfoot,
 Dust on the benches, cobwebs
 The ornament in the corners ;
 Smoky sleeping-shelves,
 Stale bread, water,
 The cough of the spinner, the cry of the child . . .
 O want ! want !
 To lead a wretched life, to toil all one's days,
 To die a beggar . . .
 Here is where one would need to learn
 To trust and be patient !

“SILENTLY NIGHT CREEPS DOWN...”

SILENTLY night creeps down
On the tops of the mountains,
And the moon looks at itself
In the mirror of the lakes.
Over the deserted plain
Towards an unknown way
In an endless chain
The clouds are floating ;
Above the broad river,
Enveloped in twilight,
In deep stillness
The thick forest stands ;
The bright bays
Glitter among the rushes,
The motionless corn-fields
Stand on the plains ;
The azure sky
Looks down joyfully,
And the large village
Sleeps, free from care.

ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ.

АЛЕКСѢЙ НИКОЛАЕВИЧЪ ПЛЕЩЕЕВЪ.

1825—1894.

ALEXIS PLESHCHEYEV.

ALEXIS PLESHCHEYEV began writing poetry at the age of eighteen, and in 1846 appeared the first edition of his poems. He enriched Russian letters with a large number of translations from various languages and with original lyrical verses.

His poems bear the imprint of melancholy, disappointment, and renunciation, but they are also filled with the aspirations of his youth.

He was the most cultivated and the most sympathetic poet of his time.

Besides writing original poetry he translated many pieces from the English, French, Italian, and German poets.

ХРИСТОСЪ-МЛАДЕНЕЦЪ И ЕВРЕЙСКІЯ ДѢТИ.

Былъ у Христа-младенца садъ,
И много розъ возрастилъ Онъ въ нёмъ;
Онъ трижды въ день ихъ поливалъ,
Чтобъ сплестъ Себѣ вѣнокъ потѣмъ.

Когда тѣ розы расцвѣли,
Дѣтей еврейскихъ созвалъ Онъ;
Онѣ сорвали по цвѣтку,

И садъ былъ весь опустошёнъ.
„Какъ Ты сплетёшь Себѣ вѣнокъ ?
Въ Твоёмъ саду нѣтъ больше розъ !“
„Вы позабыли, что шипы
Остались Мнѣ,“ сказалъ Христосъ.

И изъ шиповъ онѣ сплели
Вѣнокъ колючій для Него,—
И капли крови, вмѣсто розъ,
Челó украсили Его.

„ПЕРЕДЪ ТОБОЙ ЛЕЖИТЬ ШИРОКІЙ
НОВЫЙ ПУТЬ. . .“

Передъ тобой лежить широкій новыи путь.
Прими же мой привѣтъ не громкій, но сердечный:
Да будетъ, какъ была, твоя согрѣта грудь
Любовью къ ближнему, любовью къ правдѣ
вѣчной.

Да не утратишь ты въ борьбѣ со зломъ упорной,
Всего, чѣмъ нынѣ такъ душа твоя полна,
И вѣры и любви свѣтильникъ животворный
Да не зальётъ въ тебѣ житейская волна.

Подъявъ¹ челó, иди безтрепетной стопóю;
Иди, храня въ душѣ свой чистый идеаль,
На слёзы страждущихъ отвѣтствуя слезóю,
И ободряя тѣхъ въ борьбѣ, кто духомъ палъ.²

И если въ старости, въ раздумья часъ
печальный,
Ты скажешь: въ мірѣ я оставилъ добрый слѣдъ,
И встрѣтить я могу спокойно мигъ прощальный...
Ты будешь счастливъ, другъ: иного счастья нѣтъ.

THE CHRIST-CHILD AND THE HEBREW
CHILDREN.

THE Christ-child had a garden,
And many roses He planted therein ;
He had three times a day watered them,
In order to weave for Himself a garland later on.

When those roses were in full bloom,
He called the Hebrew children ;
They plucked off every flower,
And the whole garden was devastated.

—"How wilt Thou weave a garland for Thyself ?
In Thy garden there are no more roses !"

—"You forgot that the thorns
Remained for Me," said Christ.

And from the thorns they wove
A spiny garland for Him—
And drops of blood, instead of roses,
Adorned His brow.

“BEFORE THEE LIES A BROAD NEW WAY...”

BEFORE thee lies a broad new way.
Accept then my greeting, not loud, but hearty :
May thy bosom be, as it was, warmed
With love of thy fellow-man, with love of the eternal truth.

Mayst thou not lose in the hard struggle with evil,
All of which at present thy soul is so full ;
And the life-giving lamp of faith and love
May the wave of life not extinguish in thee.

Raising thy forehead, go with unfaltering step :
Go, preserving in thy soul thy pure ideal,
The tears of the sufferers answering with a tear,
And comforting those in the struggle who have lost courage.

And if in old age, in the sorrowful hour of reflection,
Thou wilt say : “ In the world I left a good footprint,
And I can meet calmly the parting moment . . . ”
Thou wilt be happy, friend : there is no other happiness.

¹ Подъ́ять = подн́ять (perf. v.), *to raise, lift up*.

² Пасть (or па́дать, imperf. v.) ду́хомъ, *to be out of heart*.

НАДСОНЪ.

СЕМЁНЪ ЯКОВЛЕВИЧЪ НАДСОНЪ.

1862—1887.

SIMON NADSON.

SIMON NADSON'S first printed poem appeared when he was but fifteen years old. Although he died at the early age of twenty-five, he inaugurated a new epoch in Russian poetry, through the great attention he paid to form and through a certain deep melancholy which pervades every line of his magically musical verse.

Nadson is the favourite of the Russian public. Although only twenty-nine years have passed since his death, there are at least twenty-eight editions of his poems. He is the eternal idol of the young people, for he expresses and sings in his verses the ideas and sentiments of the better part of Russian youth—the desire of serving his country, the love of the humiliated and the fallen, the struggle towards high ideals, liberty, and fraternity. His poems chase away from the heart all depraved temptations and plunge it into an idealistic atmosphere.

The poets that come after Nadson belong to the present day.

„ПРОСНИ́СЬ ЖЕ ТОТЪ,
ВЪ ЧЬЁМЪ СЕ́РДЦЪ ЖИ́ВЫ . . .“

Просни́сь же тотъ, въ чьёмъ се́рдцѣ жи́вы
Жела́нья лу́чшихъ, свѣ́тлыхъ дней,
Кто благо́родные поро́вы
Не заглуши́лъ въ груди́ своёй ! . . .
Иди́ впередъ къ зарѣ́ позна́нья,
Боря́сь съ глубо́кой мглой но́чной,
Чтобъ свѣ́та я́ркое сия́нье
Блесну́ло сно́ва надъ землёй !

У КРОВА́ТКИ.

Ча́сто ты шéпчешь, дитя́, засы́пая
Въ тёплой и мя́гкой кровáткѣ своёй:
„Бо́же, когдá же я бѹ́ду большáя ? . . .
О, е́сли бы то́лько расти́ поскорѣ́й !
Скѹ́чныхъ уро́ковъ ужъ я бѣ́ не учи́ла,
Скѹ́чныхъ бы гаммъ я не ста́ла играти́;
Все́ по знако́мымъ бы въ го́сти ходи́ла,
Все́ бы я въ садъ убѣ́гала гуля́ть !“
Съ гру́стной улы́бкой, склоня́сь за рабо́той,
Мо́лча рѣ́чамъ я внима́ю твои́мъ . . .

Спи, моя радость, покѹда съ забѣтой
 Ты незнакома подъ кровомъ роднымъ. . .
 Спи, моя птичка ! Суровое время
 Быстро летѣтъ,—не щадѣтъ и не ждѣтъ. . .
 Жизнь, это часто тяжѣлое бремя.
 Свѣтлое дѣтство, какъ праздникъ, мелькнѣтъ. . .
 Какъ бы я радъ былъ съ тобою помѣняться,
 Чтѣбы, какъ ты, и рѣзвиться, и пѣть,
 Чтѣбы, какъ ты, беззабѣтно смѣяться,
 Шумно играть и безпѣчно глядѣть !

„И ПОМНЮ Я . . .“

. . . И помню цѣрковь я, залѣтую огнями,
 И помню мать мою. Съ безжизненнымъ челѣмъ,
 Съ устами блѣдными и впавшими очами,
 Мать спитъ въ гробѹ своемъ, увѣтая цвѣтами,
 А мы стоимъ вокругъ въ молчаніи нѣмомъ.
 Сестрѣнку за руку я крѣпко взялъ рукою. . .

 И сердце сжалось въ насъ, мы плачемъ, и впервые
 Такъ трудно вѣрить намъ, такъ больно намъ
 сознаѣтъ,
 Что мы для всѣхъ вокругъ—ненужные, чужіе,
 И ты,——ты не придѣшь опятъ насъ приласкать!...

ПОХОРОНЫ.

Слы́шишь—въ селѣ, за рѣ́кою зерка́льной,
Глу́хо разно́сится звонъ погребальны́й
Въ со́нномъ зати́шьѣ полѣ́й.
Гро́зно и мѣ́рно, уда́ръ за уда́ромъ,
То́нетъ въ дали́, озарѣ́нной пожа́ромъ
Алыхъ вече́рнихъ луче́й. . .
Слы́шишь—звучи́тъ похоро́нное пѣ́нье:
Это апо́столь труда́ и терпѣ́нья—
Че́стный рабо́чий почи́лъ. . .
До́лго онъ шѣ́лъ трудово́ю доро́гой,
До́лго роди́мую зѣ́млю съ трево́гой
По́томъ и кро́вью пои́лъ.
Жѣ́гъ его́ полдень горя́чимъ сѣ́ннемъ,
Вѣ́теръ зноби́лъ леденя́щимъ дыха́ниемъ,
Ту́ча мочи́ла дожде́мъ. . .
Вью́гой избѣ́нку его́ замѣ́ало,
Гра́домъ на нѣ́вахъ его́ побива́ло
Ко́лосъ, взро́щенный трудо́мъ.
Мно́го онъ вы́несъ могу́чей душо́й,
Съ дѣ́тства приви́кшей боро́ться съ судьбо́й,
Пусть же зары́тый землѣ́й
Онъ отдохне́тъ отъ забо́тъ и волне́нья,
Этотъ апо́столь труда́ и терпѣ́нья,
На́шей отчи́зны родно́й.

“AWAKE, HE IN WHOSE HEART ARE ALIVE . . .”

AWAKE, he in whose heart are alive
The wishes for better, bright days,
Who, the noble impulses
Did not stifle in his bosom ! . . .
Go forward in the dawn of learning,
Struggling with the profound darkness of night,
So that the bright shining of light
May flash again over the earth !

AT THE BEDSIDE.

OFTEN thou dost whisper, child, while falling asleep
In thy warm and soft little bed :
“ O God, when shall I be big ? . . .
O, if only one would grow more quickly !
Wearisome lessons I should no longer learn,
Wearisome scales I should not have to play ;
Continually I would visit my friends,
Continually I would run off to the garden to take a walk ! ”
With a sad smile, bending over my work,
Silently I listen to thy sayings . . .

Sleep, my joy, as long as with trouble
Thou art not acquainted under the paternal roof . . .
Sleep, my little bird ! stern Time
Quickly flies,—has no pity, and does not wait . . .
Life, it is often a heavy burden.
Bright childhood, like a holiday, will flash past . . .
How glad I should be to change places with thee,
So as, like thee, to be gay and to sing,
So as, like thee, to laugh free from care,
Noisily to play and to glance unconcerned !

“AND I REMEMBER. . .”

...AND I remember the church flooded with lights,
And I remember my mother. With lifeless brow
With pale lips and sunken eyes,
Mother sleeps in her coffin, wrapped in flowers,
And we stand around in dumb silence.
My little sister's arm I firmly grasp with my hand . . .
.
And the heart shrank within us, we weep, and for the first
time,
It is so difficult for us to believe, so painful for us to avow,
That we for all around are unnecessary, strangers,
And thou,—thou wilt not come to caress us again.

A FUNERAL.

THOU hearest—in the village, behind the crystalline river,
Dully the funeral knell spreads

In the sleepy stillness of the fields.

Sullenly and with measured beat, stroke after stroke
Dies away in the distance, glowing with the fire

Of blood-red evening rays . . .

Thou hearest—the funeral chant sounds :

It is an apostle of labour and patience—

An honest worker departed . . .

Long he travelled his difficult way,

Long his native earth in anxiety

He nourished with sweat and blood.

The noonday burned him with its hot sunshine,

The wind froze him with its icy breath,

The cloud soaked him with rain . . .

His poor cottage was blocked up with a snowstorm,

With hail in the fields was beaten down his

Corn, cultivated with labour.

He endured much with mighty soul,

Accustomed from childhood to struggle with fate,

May then he, buried in the earth,

Rest from trouble and tumult,

That apostle of labour and patience

Of our native fatherland.

СОЛОГУБЪ.

ФЕДОРЪ СОЛОГУБЪ.

b. 1864.

THEODORE SOLOGUB.

THEODORE SOLOGUB'S real name is Fedor Kuzmich Teternikov. He is equally distinguished as a poet and as a writer of prose fiction, and drama. Sologub became widely known only after the Revolutionary Movement of 1905. He is a remarkable stylist in everything he writes, and one of the greatest imaginative artists now living.

His best known works are—a powerful novel called “Little Demon” (translated into English recently by John Cournos and Richard Aldington); “The Old House, and other Tales” (translated into English by John Cournos); “The Sweet-scented Name, and other Fairy Tales, Fables, and Stories” (edited by Stephen Graham); “The Uniter of Souls”; “The Invoker of the Beast”; etc.

It is said that Sologub is a compound of Chekhov (1860-1904) and Poe (1809-1879). Yet there is something in Sologub akin neither to Chekhov nor to Poe. He is a poet with dreams of a fair and lovely world, for in all his poems, although they are realistic, there is a vein of fantasy and idealism, and through all an echo of deep sympathy, springing from the memory of his own hardships in youth.

ПѢСЕНКА.

—День туманный
Настаётъ,
Мой желанный
Не идётъ.

Мгла вокрѹгъ.
На порогъ
Я стою,
Вся въ тревогъ,
И пою.

Гдѣ жъ мой другъ ?
Холодъ вѣетъ,
Садъ мой пусть,
Сиротѣтъ
Каждый кустъ.

Скучно мнѣ.
Распрощался
Ты легко,
И умчался
Далекó
На конѣ.

По доро́гѣ
Я гляжу́,
Вся въ трево́гѣ,
Вся дрожу́,—
 Мі́лый мой !
До́лго ста́ну
Слёзы лить,
Въ се́рдцѣ ра́ну
Бере́дить,—
 Богъ съ тобо́й !

„О, ЖИЗНЬ МОЯ БЕЗЪ ХЛѢБА . . .“

О, жизнь моя безъ хлѣба,
Зато и безъ тревогъ !
Идú. Смѣется небо,
Ликúетъ въ небѣ Богъ.

Идú въ ширóкомъ полѣ,
Въ уныньи тёмныхъ рощъ,
На всей на вольной вóлѣ,
Хоть блѣдень я и тощъ.

Цвѣтúть, благоухáютъ
Кругóмъ цвѣты въ поляхъ,
И тúчки тихо тáютъ
На ясныхъ небесахъ.

Хоть мнѣ ничтó не мýло,
Всё дýшу веселítъ.
Близкá моя могíла,
Но это не страшítъ.

Идú. Смѣется небо,
Ликúетъ въ небѣ Богъ.
О, жизнь моя безъ хлѣба,
Зато и безъ тревогъ !

„О, РУСЬ ! . . .“

О, Русь ! въ тоскѣ изнемогая,
Тебѣ слагаю гимны я.
Милѣе нѣтъ на свѣтѣ края,
О, родина моя !

Твоихъ равнинъ нѣмѣя дали
Полны томительной печали,
Тоскою дышать небеса.
Среди болотъ, въ безсильи хиломъ,
Цвѣткомъ поникшимъ и унылымъ
Восходитъ блѣдная краса.

Твой суровые просторы
Томятъ тоскующіе взоры
И души, полныя тоской.
Но и въ отчаяньи есть сладость.
Тебѣ, отчизна, стонъ и радость,
И безнадежность, и покой.

Милѣе нѣтъ на свѣтѣ края,
О, Русь, о, родина моя.
Тебѣ, въ тоскѣ изнемогая,
Слагаю гимны я.

„ ЛЮБЛЮ Я ГРУСТЬ ТВОИХЪ
ПРОСТО́РОВЪ . . . “

Люблю я грусть твоихъ просторовъ,
Мой мѣлый край, святая Русь.
Судьбы унылыхъ приговоровъ
Я не боюсь и не стыжусь.

И все твой путь мнѣ мѣлы,
И пусть грозитъ безумный путь
И тьмой, и холодомъ могилы,
Я не хочу съ него свернуть.

Не заклиная духа злого,
И, какъ молитву наизустъ,
Твержу все тѣ же четыре слова:
„Какой просторъ ! Какая грусть !“

SONG.

—GLOOMY day
Is approaching,
My loved one
Comes not.

Mist all round.
On the door step
I stand,
All in anxiety,
And I sing.

Where is my friend ?
Coldness blows,
My garden is empty,
Becomes bare
Every bush,

I feel lonely.
Thou didst leave
Lightly
And didst gallop
Far away
On thy horse.

Along the road

I look,

All in anxiety,

All atremble,—

My dear one !

For a long time I shall

Shed tears,

The wound in my heart

I shall gall,—

God be with thee !

“O, MY LIFE IS WITHOUT BREAD...”

O, MY life is without bread,
But at the same time without worry !
I go. The sky laughs,
God in heaven rejoices.

I go in the broad field,
In the melancholy of the dark groves,
Yet at my free will,
Altho' I am pale and thin.

They bloom and smell sweetly
All round the flowers in the fields,
And the little clouds silently disappear
In the bright skies.

Altho' nothing is dear to me,
Everything gladdens my soul.
My grave is near,
But this does not frighten me.

I go. The sky laughs,
God in heaven rejoices.
O, my life is without bread,
But at the same time without worry !

“O, RUSSIA! . . .”

O, RUSSIA! growing weak with longing,
For thee I compose hymns.
There is no dearer country in the world,
O, my native land!

The silent distances of thy plains
Are full of weariful sadness,
The skies pant with longing.
Amid the marshes in feeble weakness,
In a drooping and dejected flower,
Rises a pallid beauty.

Thy gloomy endless spaces
Tire our longing gaze
And our souls, full of longing.
But even in despondency there is sweetness.
For thee, homeland, there are sorrow and joy,
And hopelessness and peace.

There is no dearer country in the world,
O, Russia, O, my native land.
For thee, growing weak with longing
I compose hymns.

“ I LOVE THE SADNESS OF THINE ENDLESS
SPACES ”

I LOVE the sadness of thine endless spaces,
My dear country, Holy Russia.
Of the dismal decrees of Destiny
I am neither afraid nor ashamed.

And all thy ways to me are dear,
And let the witless way threaten
With darkness, and the coldness of the grave,
I do not wish to turn aside from it.

I do not conjure the evil spirit,
And, like a prayer by rote,
I keep repeating always the same four words :
“ What vastness ! What sadness ! ”

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Books recommended to Students interested in Russian Literature :—

1. ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Leo Wiener. Two volumes. Published by H. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
2. RUSSIAN LITERATURE: IDEALS AND REALITIES. By Prince Kropotkin. Published by Duckworth & Co., London.
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